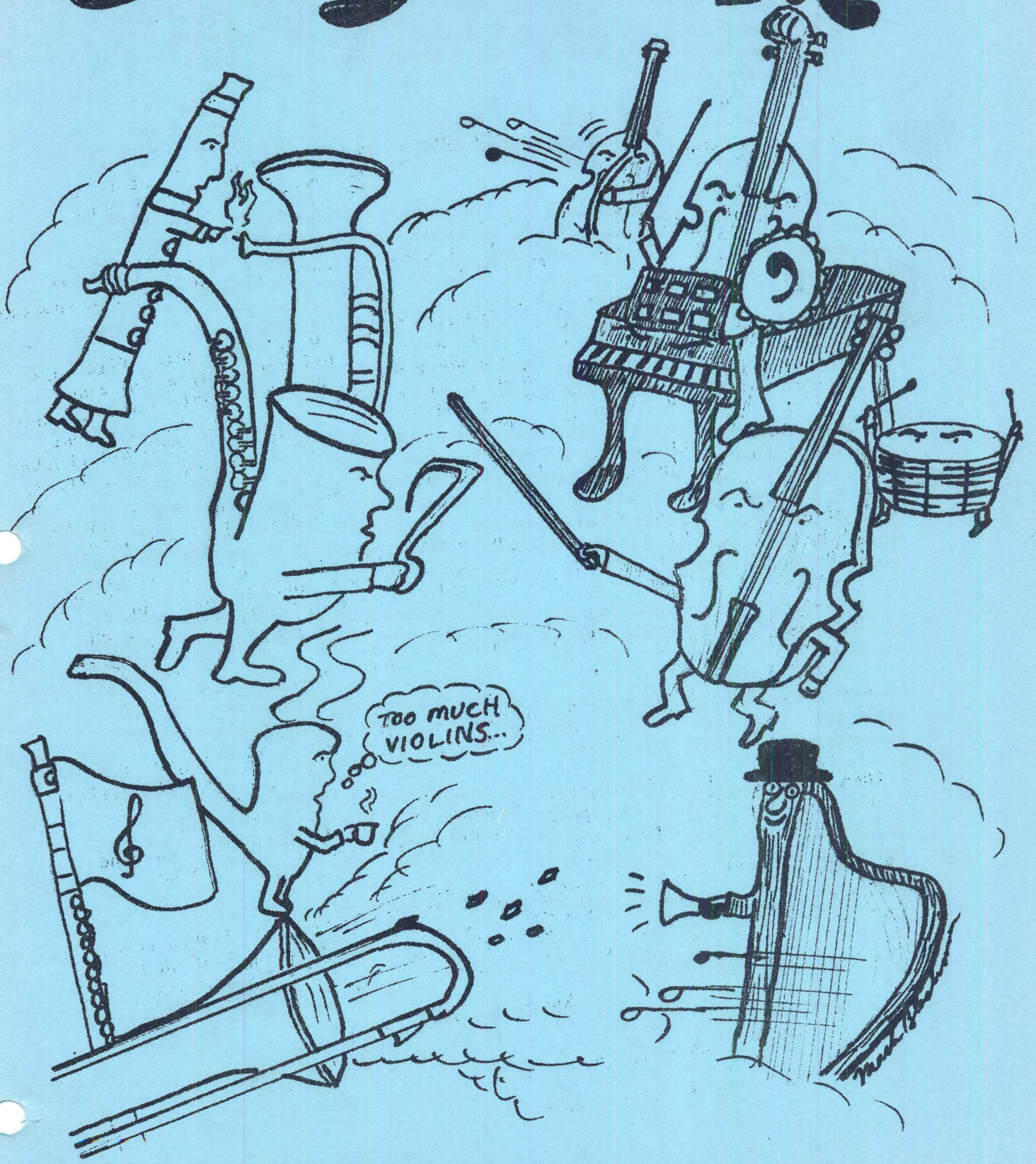
APA-Ti#1k



This is APA-Filk #1, produced in February 1979. All material herein is copyright © 1979 by Robert Bryan Lipton. All rights assigned to the authors.

This issue is going out free to the contributors. The people who have not contributed but want it nonetheless will be charged 25¢ +postage as a Special Introductory Offer.

APA-Filk is a quarterly apa for filksingers. We welcome filksongs and discussions of filksongs. This is a proprietary apa, which means you have the right to leave whenever you so desire. People who hit minac (four pages per year or one page an issue) will receive this for cost. Others will have to pay more, to discourage deadheadism. Make all checks available to Robert Bryan Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598.

Minac is still not certain. However, we shall try setting it at 50 copies for #2, planned for the month of May. Deadline is 1 May 1979.

For those who do not have access to printing facilities, I have an electronic stencil-maker and a Gestetner mimeograph. If you send me typed (or drawn or whatever) material, the cost will be 35¢ for each page I e-stencil. If I run it off for you, it will be an additional 65¢ per sheet or part thereof. Postage is variable, but unless I see you, you will have to pay for delivery. Better send me a few bucks. I shall keep the books.

There will be no editing of material unless requested. However, the management reserves the right to not receive or lose particularly bilious items.

On formatting: Since a lot of people take their filksongs and bind them in a looseleaf book, it is heartily suggested that people use very wide margins. Like this page.

Lee Burwasser will be keeping an index of the songs published here. She and I request that you inform the apa (or her, at least) of what filksongs have been sung . This will enable us to throw out the deadwood from our files. See Lee's contrib for info.

And now, to make sure you know what is going on:

DEADLINE FOR APA-Filk #2: 1 MAY 1979

COPY COUNT FOR APA-Filk #2: 50 copies.

QWXb!! 1 in apa-filk

Gregory Baker, 8412 Schultz Road, Clinton, Maryland 20735 (301)-868-4272

A NOTE OF INTRODUCTION

This 'zine is intended to educate, illuminate, comment upon and analyze filk-singing. It's also intended to be fun, since filksinging is one of the best excuses for partying that I know of. I've enjoyed many a good party thanks to my guitar, and I've made friends all across the country, as my phone bill testifies.

I was born in Washington, DC in 1955, and I have lived continously in the D.C. area since 1962, except for a four-month stint in basic training. I started reading science fiction in 1962 if you count Tom Swift books, and I remember my first regular s.f. book was Heinlein's Have Space Suit, Will Travel. I haven't stopped since. I watched the first season of Star Trek, and I first attended a con at Discon II in 1974. When I joined the University of Maryland Association of Star Trek in 1975, I started getting involved in filk music, and recently, when I found out that I play better than 90% of fandom, I have gone heavily into filk music.

I sang at the 1977 Star Trek America, Febcon in 1978, and Philcon, where I won a prize of $5 that payed my higway tolls home. I plan to put out a collection of my songs and collaborations, with sheet music and the original sources for each tune, as soon as I can scrape up the money for the printing. The collection is called the Green Book.Write me for price.

WHAT IS A FOLKSINGER AND WHAT IS A FILKSINGER?

A folksinger gets music contracts and makes lots of records. He/she appears at clubs, gets interviewed, and makes money. A filksinger, on the other hand, gets no contracts, unless he's in the Syndicate, maybe makes one or two records, appears at cons only and pays for everything out his own pocket.

A folksinger sings labor ballads, modern compositions about the injustice of the syatem and antiwar songs, because he/she identifies with the Left. Filksingers are usually Libertarians or anarchists,* sing bawdy ballads, their own compostions decrying the flaws in the last offering of media crap, and more often than not old military ballads describing the joy of cutting your enemy's throat once he has surrendered.

Folksingers wear jeans and denim to enhance their image or to show solidarity with the working classes. Filksingers can't afford other clothes because they bought out the bookstore.

When a folksinger causes trouble, it's part of politics. When a filksinger causes trouble, it's a brawl.

I am happily a filksinger, but I wish I had a folksinger's prestige.

YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS, BUT...

There's a clean version of the Bastard King of England.
The Man Who Never Returned is not an original tune.
Jesse James often is duller than its parodies.

How did I find these things out? I hit the library. If you ever run out of ideas for filking, or if your record collection doesn't adapt easily to writing, then you can do worse than to go to the local library and fing records and books of ballads that can serve your purpose. I found "Bastard King" in a collection of music for soldiers and sailors called Give Out! edited by Eric Posselt, copyright 1943 by Arrowhead Press, New York, NY. This collection was

* Except Jaime Tech, who's a wobbly. I'm a Republican.

QWXb! continued

selected from contributions of members of the Armed Forces, and from what Mr. Posselt implied, the version they sang was ours, but here it is in the clean form.

Oh, the minstrels sing of an English king who lived long years ago,
He ruled his land with an iron hand, though his mind was weak and low.
He was dirty and lousy and full of fleas,
His bloomin' beard hung below his knees,
Oh, God save the Bastard King of England.

Now he loved to hunt the royal stag within the royal wood,
But most of all he loved his gin, as every ruler should.
His only undergarment was a dirty undershirt,
With which he tried to hide his hide,
But he couldn't hide the dirt.

In France at that time was a king upon the throne did reign,
Who was jealous of the British Rex because of the Queen of Spain.
The ladies of his court were fair,
Oh, God save the Bastard King of England.

Now the Queen of Spain was an amourous dame and a sprightly lass was she,
How she loved to twit the royal Rex who lived across the sea!
But this ancient Rex was up on sex,
Because his love life had been complex,
Oh, God save the Bastard King of England.

Aha, said France, this British hound will ne'er take off the prize,
As long as I have ships and sials and armies of such size.
For the love of one as sweet as she,
I'll give up life and liberty, ,
Oh, God save the Bastard King of England.
Now the rumor of the love affair was spread throughout the land,
Oh, the army and the navy said, the Spanish know where we stand.
But the Spanish queen was just a flirt who played at love and did men dirt,
Oh, God save the Bastrad King of England.

Now, brotheres, there were many scraps Between the ancient kings,
"Cause we hear of war an battles every time the minstrel sings.
For the love of the Queen they fought and bled,
But neither of them would she wed.

Notice that in trying to clean this up, the majority of the verse lines were thrown out, others introduced, and the chorus chopped up. This goes to show thta you can't do that to a filksong.

QNXb! continued

MORE VERSES TO YOUNG MAN MULLIGAN

Well, I built the Martian cylinders and drew the tripod's plan,
But I also made bacteria I knew would rescue man,
From the same genetic institute that Lee Kwan Singh came through,
And that"s about the strangest thing that man will ever do!

I taught Michael Smith the proper way to grok,
And I picked the Time Vaults's pre-selected lock,
So when Hari Seldon spoke,
He just told a Vulcan joke,
So a suit was filed in court by Mister Spock.

When the Mother Ship arrived at Devil"s Tower,
I'm the one who put Roy Neary in their power,
And then, logically of course,
I told Luke to use the Force,
For I didn't want the sequel to turn sour.

All right, all right, let's see you do better...

SAY, JUST WHERE DO YOU GET THOSE CRAZY IDEAS OF YOURS?...
or The Compleat Neo's Guide to Filksinging, Part 1

I hate to disappoint (is that right? I looks as if I'm trying to withdraw a nomination) the people who think that filksingin is some sort of special art. Actually, it's just like regular music with perverted lyrics. If you can rhyme "dog" with "frog", you can write a filksong. Of course, playing them is another matter, but I'm talking about writing them.

The best sources for filksongs are popular tunes. "Jesse James" is a very popular four-line stanza, simplemeter tune that can be easily rhymed; so is "Army Life" (STAR FLLET LIFE, CONVENTION LIFE) and "Betsy from Pike" ("Gather Round Trekkies", "Blinded by Shit"). Almost any folk song is going to be parodied, except maybe "LILIBURERO". As a historical fact, many folksongs were immediately parodoed and had six or seven different songs to the same tune. Tunes used to be named differently from the songs to aid musical illeterates in playing them.

Popular songs can be an easy mark, if you have come up with a dememted idea which revolves around a line or two in the song. You can tell what this song is without knowing the tune:

The problem is all inside your head, Kor said to me,
You troture a Vulcan when you act illogically,
I'm sure that your mental lock is sure to have a key,
There must be fifty ways to torture Terrans.
Fifty ways to torture Terrans.
He said "I'm getting tired of your helpless efforts, fool,
I know there are lessons in enforcing Klingon rule,
SO I'll repeat myself, since I enjoy it when I'm cruel,
There must be fifty ways to torture Terrans.
Fifty ways to torture Terrans.

QWXb"! in APA-Filk continued.

Once you have gathered a collection of music, you face the choice of what you plan to do with your music. Do you plan to be anthologized all over the place like my distinguished colleague, Mr. Boardman and have your brilliancy kept in fandom circles, or do you plan to go the route of most filkers in Star Trek fandom and perform? If you do, then you will have cjosen a rewarding but dammed difficult route, for you must,do three things: practice, Practice, PRACTICE!!! If you're able to put some musical sophistication in your music, it adds to the pleasure of listening.

I usually practice guitar about half an hour at a time, when I come home from work or when I have free time in the morning. I run through scales, warm up my voice by exercises I learned in school, and play through patterns I know, for I play a folk music style. Then I do the numbers I usually sing at conventions as well as several that I get requests for. It's also a good idea to play tunes that have several sets of filk lyrics for the same reason. You can do "Rosin the Bow", "Jesse James", "Greensleeves", and others . A decent folk song anthology will have several hundred tunes. Besides, you can aleays play the straight songs at mundane affairs.

Of course, if I'm tired or lazy or pressed for time, then I skip a lot of the warmup. Nevertheless, one must keep playing the tunes one knows. When I go through a short practice, I usually sing "The Rebel Pilot's Lament", the number I am requested to do most often, "Banned From Argo" by Leslie Fish, and "WheN I was Only Twntey-One" and my variation on "Men of Harlech", "Reflections of a Starship Barbarian."
Continue to expand your repetiore. People can get tired of hearing the same junk over over and over again. Ghod knows I am, and I sing it.Listen to records,which serves two techniques. You can get new tunes to parody and you can learn a new guitar lick or bass line or chording. And don't restrict yourself to one form of music, either. There are many things that I can learn from Beethoven's Ninth or from Conway Twitty, even though I am a Chieftains nut.

Keep plugging.

NEXT QWXb"!: SINGING WITH A GROUP, OR "WHAT, ANOTHER SPOCK SONG?"

AND NOW, WHAT YOU WERE WAITING FOR... THE MUSIC

REFLECTIONS OF A STARSHIP BARBARIAN
by Gregory Baker
MUSIC: "Men of Halech"

What's the use of charging phasers?
Halberds, pikes and spears stop lasers.
Daggers, dirks and iron blazers,
What have we to lose?
What's the use of ship's deflectors?
Objects with sufficient vectors
Punch through starship shields and wrecks 'er,
Oaken shield we'll use!
Poison gas and fission,
Bombs won't suit our mission,
Knives and spears were used for years to

QWXb!! in APA-Filk, final sheet

ESSENCE OF CON
by Gregory Baker
MUSIC: "Barnyards of Delgaty" (sorry, Roberta) or "Reuben, Reuben"

I went to an SF con
To see the sights that I'd see there,
And what I saw was quite a see
Enough to make me lose my hair!
CHO: Hucksters selling, gofers telling,
Neos where they should have gone,
Panels dreaming, SCAdians screaming,
All at the SF con!

There's a place called Registration,
People say they're quite a bunch,
They will register all the people
When they get back from lunch.

There's a bunch of crazy people
Wearing suits made out of rings,
Waving swords , they make me nervous,
Why don't they put up those things?

There's a place they call the con suite,
There they drink some foamy stuff,
Singing lots of dirty lyrics,
I cant' hardly get enough

There's a place called Costume Call
People wear some funny clothes,
One girl took hers off and won,
Well, that's the way it always goes.

There's a room where they show movies
Where the film fans like to go,
There they see the same damn stuff
They have on the Late Late Show.

Somewhere near here is a restaurant
Where the fans can talk and sip,
Fans have beaten wage inflation,
They don't leave the girl a tip.

There's a thing they call a filksing,
Where some guy pounds out a tune,
Everybody there just sounds like
Hounds baying at the moon.

Someone calls for skinny-dipping,
Down by the swimming pool,
Why do only guys show up there?
Boy, I sure think that's cruel!

Monday morning comes around
And no one is checking out,
Everyone is too hung over
Without a shade a doubt.

Now my energy has gone,
My tail's dragging, on the floor,
Goodby, all you SF cons
I'll be back in one year more!

NOTES OF INTEREST

For all the fans who have ever listened to Leslie Fish's "Banned from Argo" and wondered from what source it came, since Leslie has only marked it "from an old ballad", I have discovered the source. The tune is from "The Louisville Burglar" and I heard it on a Folkways recored, "The Iron Mountain String Band".

WANTED

People in the New York City area who play filk music and who want to join a filking band. I would like to get in touch with you: I would like to get a fiddler, a flautist, a mando player and another guitar plaeyr. Write to me for details.

Delendra est Cathragio,

Greg Baker

QWXb!! in APA-Filk cont.

Place one's enemies out of commission.
Starships have such complex parts
They never have advanced the warlike arts,
Making wrecks of starships always
Helps me shake the blues.

What's the use of ship's tricorders?
They get lost beyond the borders.
If they don't, they're out of order,
t Same with doctor's tools.
Doctor's sensors prod and shake you
In the foolish hope they'll make you
Healthy, but they only fake you,
Doctors are such fools.
All a sick man's needing,
Leeches and a bleeding,
Have been lost, the knowledge tossed,
So naturally the doctors aren't succeeding.
Tri-ox shots and small red pills
Will never overcome a person's ills,
Why can't doctors learn their skills,
From the propper schools?

What's the use of transport fixtures causing molecular mixtures,
Leaving thus your head betwixt your
Armpits and your toes?
Shuttlecraft are easily broken,
Valid words are never spoken,
Through communicators token,
Thus add to your woes!
We need oars to row with,
Dragonships to go with,
Plans to sack when we attack,
The ricjes other cultures use to grow with.
Diamonds, silver, jade and gold
Should fing their merry way inside our hold,
We must loot or else we'll mold,
Falling to our foes!

THE FILK-APA ANTHEM
by Gregory Baker
Music; "Pop Goes the Weasel"

I've almost got the stencil complete,
My zine has turned out ripe-O,
But as I reach the end of the page,
DAMN! there's a typo,
I poured about a quart and a half
Of corflu on the letter,
It ended up a smudgy mess,
I should know better.

The mimeo is ready to go,
My zine is now corrected,
When suddenly I run out of ink,
That's not expected!
The store are closed on Saturday night,
The zine's but half completed,
The con is coming Sunday morn,
(EXPLETIVE DELETED)

SOMETHING OF NOTE #1

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE
QUANTITY PUBLICATION
307

...is produced for the first collation of APA-FILK, just before the deadline, with only three (count'em, 3) pages of contributions in. From Robert Bryan Lipton, see APA page for more information. Begun on 30 January 1979. Rabbitano delenda est.

My filksongs fall into three categories: one is the fannish filksong, which is about the personalities and events of fandom. I don't think I have ever written a filksong about fiction. Consider the following one, written in November last year, to commemorate a certain convention....

The Wand'ring Fan Song

TUNE: The Whiffenpoof Song

On the Pennsy Highway driving,
Or from New York taking trains,
Or from further north, flying down to Philly...
All Northeastern fen are striving
To reach PhilCon 43,
And each and every fan is asking will he...
Will he make his way to PhilCon?
It's the oldest con by far,
And so it's the one all fandom loves so well.
So, because we cannot find it
We will serenade our Lew,
Asking "Where is the George Washington Motel?!"
    I'm a poor little fan who can't find the Con,
    Bah, bah bah!
    Travelled to Philly, and travelling on,
    Bah, bah, bah !
    Far from the comforts of busses and trams,
    Stuck in commuters' traffic jams,
    I don't even know where I am!
    Bah! Bah! Bah!

As some of you may know, I have been associated for several years with wargaming fandom in general, and Diplomacy fandom in particular. Last year I ran a filksong contest in The Mixumaxu Gazette, and it was fairly successful (it is now out of print, but I can xerox the pertinent pages, about eight, for 10¢ each plus postage). It was here that I began my filking, with something pretty awful called The Publisher (which contained one song that I may reprint, being worthwhile). An example of this sort of filksong

The Last DipCon

TUNE: Streets of Laredo

Taking the train to the East Coat for DipCon,
I fell in with one who was going to Penn.
He said to me "I hope you brought out your camera.
It's the last chance you'll have to see Diplomacy fen."

"The fen have been leaving for fields much greener,
Where they can crack jokes and make puns without end.
The New York Conspiracy was their last stronghold,
And after this they'll all be gone 'round the bend."

I turned to him staring, "Are you a Conspirator?"
He turned to me, smiling "Could you be one too?"
We said "There is no way to know a Conspirator,
Unless you are one and are high-ranking too."

"I might be a Conspirator, though I am from Portland."
"I might be one though I am from Diego."
"We might be Conspirators, though from the West Coast.
Unless you 're Rod Walker, there's no one to know."

"If you're a Conspirator, this is your last con.
The players have won, they have taken the field.
But though they have won, it has been a grand battle,
The field's a disaster that we're glad to yield."

I said "I still don't know if you're a Conspirator."
He said "I am one, let's conspire en route."
I said "Six years earlier, we might have conspired,
But the players have won, and I don't give a hoot."

REPEAT FIRST VERSE.

My third field of filking is Slobbovia. Slobbovia, for those of you who don't know, is the only APA in the Diplomacy field. About 30 people play the game, which is a Diplomacy variant, and writing about their characters and the world. Each issue runs about 60-100 pages.

In the course of several years, a number of Slobbovian songs have come out, which I collected into the SLOBINZONGBUK (available from me for 25¢ plus 28¢ in postage). Since that was produced about a year ago, more songs have been written.

Occasionally, I have written a song, and found that I cannot fit it anyplace (since I write musical press in which the people sing in the circumstances they normally sing in). The material is very in-jokish, but here it is, for future reference.

By the way: if you are interested in seeing a sample copy of the SLOBINPOLIT ZHURNAL (which carries the game and the writing), send a couple of bucks to Raymond E. Heuer, 162-10 87th Road, Jamaica, NY 11432.

A SEA CHANTY

Tune: Blow the Man Down

C Ram the damned Valg, Prinzy,
H Ram the damned Valg.
O Be he Chek, Zheb, ram the damned Valg.
R Call to the Engine Room, heat up some steam,
U Speed up the props, we'll ram the damned Valg.
S

Listed in the Navy in 833, singing
Chek, Zheb, ram the damned Valg,
Put two weeks in boot camp then put out to sea.
Speed up the prop, and ram the damned Valg.

The CPO's lazy, he sleeps all the day midst the
Chek! Zheb! Ram the damned Valg!
The ensign's no better, he's on shore to play, there's no
Speed up the prop, we'll ram the damned Valg! CHORUS

The exec's a Great Fambly, he don't deign to work, Or sing
Chek, Zheb, Ram the damned Valg.
He'll only drop by when he hears coffee perk, whistling
Speed up the props, we'll ram the damned Valg!

The captain don't know streams, he can't navigate singing
Chek, Zheb, ram the damned Valg!
The flethorc sets a battle, and then shows up late, claiming
Speed up the props, we'll ram the damned Valg! CHORUS

The Fleet staff's gone over to the Empire now, with their
Chek! Zheb! Ram the damned Valg!
So we've pulled up the peg for the officers' cow, roaring
Speed up the props! We'll ram the damned Valg!

So me and Prinz, we do all of the work,
Singing Chek, Zheb, ramn the damned Valg,
And my term is up Thursday, and I'll not be a jerk again,
Speed up the prop, we'll nam the damned Valg! CHORUS

That should give you a rough idea. The next song is one that I wrote nearly a year ago and had put on stencil twice, but had to pull both times when the piece had to be cancelled. It is a hymn.

To explain the matter, the Slobbovian Church worships Sativa. Aleksei refers to Aleksei Mazukov, who founded the Holy Slobbovian Church out of hundreds of local groups; Georgy is Georgy Eskałaskin, who helped. and Holy Weed, well that is...

HOLY WEED

TUNE: Mountain Dew, although you stretch out the first couple of notes in the first verse.

'Round 'Bout Timion you can see 'em;
Those crazy Macabeem.
Zither-plunkin's their spiritual deed. (Hot shit!)
Mazukov's men love prayin'.
Sai-tay-nists ain't sayin',
But Sativans love smoking Holy Weed

C Well, they call that fine blend Holy Weed,
H And it satisfies every need.
O There ain't nothin' that's wrong,
R Long as I keep my bhong
U Full of burning Holy Weed!
S

My cousin Ziegfield's got a field that can yield
Eighty bushels of anything in seed (Hot shit!)
Though there's a famine orn,
He don't waste land in corn,
He just plants every inch in Holy Weed! CHORUS

Aleksei sent Georgy to a spring-planting orgy
To tell us his church has a need. (Hot shit!)
He'd best not make a fuss.
Though he has need of us,
We don't need anything but Holy Weed! CHORUS

The third Slobbovian song thish, and the fifth and last for me, was printed in THE SLOBINPOLIT ZHURNAL #73, although the dittoing made it just about illegible. By way of explanation: "Neurse Schivosk" means "Merry Christmas." It is the only thing you can say in Shobbovian which is not insulting, and so is used for greetings and leavetakings. "Fecundar Strakh." Is usually translated as "May your "strakh (reputation, fame, personality) Increase." It can also be translated as "Fuck your strakh." Because of this, although it has caught on on the south, northerners are likely to have you killed for it.

I believe the song this is written to is "Good Morning." My memory, like mine enemies, grows older, and I cannot be sure. The tune scheme can be used loosely, and I have done so. Lines started in the third tabulation are spoken in between chorus and verse. And, for proper singing, this does require a chorus.... Written in October 1978

NEURSE SCHIVOSK

TUNE: GOOD MORNING

Another fine day
To hear people say:
Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk!
Because you see

Much of the Czar's time
Is spent in a reception line.
Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk!

NEURSE SCHIVOSK, CONTINUED

It's considered a great honor.
Some have waited thirty years,
Since Nikolai and Dimitri
Were Imperial peers.

On flattened feet,
In summer heat, listening to:
Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk!
While over there

A man from the south
Prepares to open his mouth.
Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk!
Fecundar strakh!

Prinz Dimitri bursts out laughing,
Count di Fallov's features freeze,
While half of the Gremlin's gentry
Falls onto its knees.

Without a sign,
Continuing down the line.
Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk!
Then double take:

A common look
For Constantine the Crook.
Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk!

Wait a second! Wait a minute!
Six or seven people back
In the line, someone suggested
I should fuck my strakh!

The Czar summons some guards.
Each one is more than two yards.
Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk!
Very polite:

You see that lout?
Grab him and take him out.
Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk!

You are lucky I'm a kind man.
Great forebearence I shall show.
I don't want to have him tortured.
Kill him with one blow.

You can't hear the screams.
The Czar beams and says.
Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk! Neurse schivosk!....

Some of the people involved with us expressed some terror at the thought of this stuff being printed uncopyrighted. While my initial reaction is "print anything of mine you like and please send me a copy," some people are not of this attitude. This is understandable -- filking is not commercial as yet, but who knows what the future will bring? Already, a well-known filksinger is having a record cut of his tunes and singing.

Anyhow, when this point was brought up -- by Lee Burwasser, I seem to remember, I agreed to copyright this -- money out of my pocket, at least until we get a few subscribers. The thought of a group copyright seemed the most obvious one and, since Lee works in the LoC (Library of Congress to you), I asked her to pick up the appropriate information.

The forms that Lee sent to me indicate that if we are to have a group copyright, the notice must appear on each contribution. Since I have no patience for writing (or typing) "Copyright 1979 by Joe Phann" on one copies of every who sends in stuff already printed, I decided the best thing to do was to simply copyright everything myself, and assign the rights to the author.

On to another matter: Greg Costikyan suggested that the reason this collation is so small is that the deadline is too long. Quite possible, but I refuse to turn this into the job that The Mixumaxu was. Each issue of that, when it ran 12 pages, took me about. Since this is no my yob, I will not swink at such a furious rate. For my taste, four times a year is just right: enough time for me to write two or three songs with which I can be satisfied.

And, the third matter: Lee Burwasser is intending to do some work here, until she gets tired of it, whereupon she will either abandon it or hand it over to someone else. Lee will be keeping an index of filksongs published here, and, every year, print a list of what has been published.

She does not plan to make the list truly open-ended. Her thoughts on the matter are to throw out the material that is not sung. So, if something printed here is sung at a filksing, please either mention it in the apa, or send a note to Lee. Singing your own creation in the shower or mumbling it on the subway does not count.

Eventually, the index may be used for some purpose. I can see it now: "The Worst of Apa-Filk"....

Abyssinia,

Robert Bryan Lipton

FILKSONGS OLD AND NEW , part 1 by Harold Groot

Apt. 713
1100 Penn Center Blvd.
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15235

Many Filksingers start writing Filksongs in High School, as did I. One's perspective is broad enough to put some bite in the song, while classes provide a wide range of subjects to be disrespectful of. Some of my early efforts included "Secret Reagent Man" (tune: Secret Agent Man) and "Good Titrations" (Good Vibrations) from chemistry, and "Ohm on the Range" (Home on the Range) from electronics.

In college (during the protest years), Filksongs tended to be either political, anti-school life, or obscene just for the sake of obscenity. However, club activity produced a large number of Filksongs too.

After one has decided to write a Filksong, one must decide how much to borrow from the original. One can borrow only the music, one can borrow the flavor and perhaps a key line or phrase, or one can try to change as few of the original words as possible. I prefer the second case, then the third and then the first, although most of the people I know prefer second-first-third.

In addition to deciding how much to stea... that is, how much to borrow from the original, one must decide what that original is to be. I happen to like popular (top 100) songs from the 50's to the present. Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately), many people would not know the songs that I had chosen. I have gone more and more lately to folk standards. They deal with the same problems of love (alliances), breaking up , valient battles won or lost, etc., as do the newer ones, and they are usually easier to track down if you don't know the original.

Since many of you are already somewhat bored with this lecture, lets get on to a few examples!

From the game Diplomacy: RUSSIA AND TURKEY (Frankie and Johnny)

Russia and Turkey were allies
They'd sent olive branchs and a dove
They swore to be true to each other
just as true as the stars above
He was her ally, but he done her wrong.

Austria-Hungary was the
First country that they had attacked
And nobody else was surprised when
They saw Budapest had been sacked
He was her ally, but he done her wrong.

Germany was the next target
So Russia asked England for aid
And to the dispair of the Kaiser
A treaty was quicky made
He was her ally, but he done her wrong.

Italy also was conquered
And France was the next one to go
As Turkey prepared to fight England
She received a bitter blow
He'd been her ally, but he was doing her wrong.

Russia had got the last center
As France had gone down in defeat
And to the surprise of his ally
In Sevastepol built a fleet
No more her ally, for he was doing her wrong.

Turkey soon saw it was hopeless
She frowned first but then gave a grin
She still had the strength to determine
That her "ally" wouldn't win
He would discover, why he should not do her wrong.

England got most of her centers
She gave them to him out of spite
For only against the Russians
Would her armies decide to fight
He lost the game, because he done her wrong.

This story has a moral
Tho this story has no end
Don't worry about your enemy
But keep an eye upon your friend
And you'll be ready, when he does you wrong.

This next song is not original with me, as it dates back to at least the 30's. However, it is still sung around colleges today.

AT THE BOARDING HOUSE (Silver Threads Among the Gold)

At the boarding house where I stayed, everything was growing old;
Silver Hairs among the butter, and the bread was all amold.
When the dog died we had sausage, when the cat died, catnip tea,
But when the landlord died, I left there, spare ribs were too much for me.

some Filksongs almost need to be annotated, as they deal with in-jokes peculiar and strange. However, sometimes I think it more fun to let people guess at what a given line means. Often their guesses are much wilder and funny than the original!

THE FROZEN CAMPER by Burt Backpack

What shall we do with a frozen camper,
What shall we do with a frozen camper,
What shall we do with a frozen camper,
Earlye in the morning?

(Note: any requests for the true meaning of Svea, Gorp, Kevin, etc. must be sent with a SASE and <u>your</u> guess)

'Way, hey, up she rises
'Way, hey, up she rises
'Way,hey , up she rises
Earlye in the morning!

Heat his boots on a leaky Svea...

Rub him with snow till his fingers fall off

Give him some Gorp and make him eat it

Tell him about the Great Kyootie

Send him on a ride with Kevin Sweeny

Wrap him up in soggy Ensolite

Cover him up with leafy litter

From John Boardman, 234 E.19th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11226

I'm sorry this is late, but for the past few days I've had a recurrence of my backache. Bending forward seems to aggravate it, particularly bending forward over a typewriter. However, your deadline is creeping up.

LAZARUS WOODROW WILSON LONG

TUNE: John Jacob Jingleheimer Smith

La-zar-us Woodrow Wilson Long!
That's my dad too!
When I begin to preach
My great-grandchildren screech:
"Lazarus Woodrow Wilson Long (and long and long and long and-)"
(repeat until forcibly supressed)

The following piece was printed in GRAUSTARK back in 1976 but will probably be as applicable a year from now. No tune is intended, but what the hell. [I've noted a tune to which it can be sung]

A MORAL VICTORY

TUNE: Tannenbaum

O, commentators, columnists,
Here are the new election lists!
Complete returns are here to see
From Flormasconsin's primary.

Behold the People judge the fates
Of Democratic candidates,
And hear each candidate decree
He's won a moral victory.

The late returns have placed in front
That statesman, Governor McGrunt.
His manager speaks joyous words.
Percentage? Twenty and two-thirds.

"McGrunt's in every sense a cripple,"
Responds ex-Secretary Bipple.
"He just cannot get nominated.
"At nineteen, I'm the highest-rated."

Says Senator Horatio Bumble,
"The Bipple lead is sure to crumble.
"The moral victory is mine
"Since I got seventeen point nine!"

"I can draw votes outside my region,"
Says Senator Erastus Weejin.
"This is a moral victory,
"For my per cent is nine point three!"

A MORAL VICTORY continued

"I've won!" says Bill Joe Bodinger,
The well-known country-western singer.
"My campaign team lambasted busin'
So eight per cent belongs to us'n!

"The moral victory I claim,
"Although the ballot lacked my name."
Says Senator O'Gurke. "That's mine --
"That 'Uncommitted', ten point nine.

A Congressman from way out west
Declares he really did the best.
"With just ten thousand dollars spent
"I got as much as nine per cent."

"I won a moral victory!"
Says Senator Galusha Smee.
"Let none the basic facts confuse.
"I'm popular with Blacks and Jews!"

And Governor Liberta Bell
Has claimed that she is doing well.
"No other female candidate
"Has got so high as four point eight."

"I'm confident," says Justice Pew
"Although my voters were so few.
"My birthplace was a house of logs,
"And also, folks love underdogs."

Now Flormasconsin's vote is tallied.
The People to their leaders rallied.
Let voting registrars rejoice --
Almost one-tenth declared their choice!

QUAGMIRE #1

This is a contribution to APA-Filk published by Robert Lipton. Quagmire is being given to Bob on stencil because I am too cheap to run it off myself, and my Gestetner is temporarily out of comission. This is brought to you by Evan Jones, member: Evil Diabolical Sinister Monolithic New York Conspiracy. Without wasting any more space, I will present without ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~/further ado, a few Young Man Mulligan verses I hammered out at the Worldcon.

Words: Evan Jones
Tune: Same as YMM

Oh, I went to Woldcon L-5 in '02;
All the fen came, every he, she, it, and zu.
Now the trufen all agree that FDA at zero-gee
Is the Lagrangest thing that man will ever do!

I ate crottled greeps in Waldo's land and they all bit my tongue.
I drank a quart of Koka Brew, Cthulhu, how it stung!
Then I drank gorilla killer until my guts were goo,
And that's about the strongest thing that man will ever brew.

Oh, I dealt in gems and slaves in doomed Sarnath ...:
It was I who taught Ike Newton all his math..
I have chatted with Cthulhu and talked with Jip and Tutu
And I told the sacred Guru, "Take a bath."

Oh, I mailed a Bug Eyed Monster across the Milky Way;
Why I forgot to put on stamps, I really cannot say.
By the time I got to Cor, I owed a megabuck or two,
And that's about the strangest thing that man will postage due!

It was I who guessed at Powy's bad intentions;
I have worshiped Ghu and Roscoe at conventions
But I am Ghod in Meshan just because I have three hands
And two of something else that I won't mention.

I caught a plague on Vega-6 that makes your eyeballs shrink;
I got Black Breath on Gondor's walls, and Ghod! how does it stink!
I caught a pox on Venus that hits you where you sit,
And that's about the stangest thing that man will ever git!

Oh, I threw the one ring down a big volcane--
O; I cleared the mobius tubes with tons of drain--
O; I rigged a cosmic stil and I won't be finished till
I have either had my fill or am insane...oooohhh....

Oh I've done it with a Tauran and I've done it with a Tau,
I've done it with a Cephean, and Ghod, they sure know how.
I've been beyond Antaries where they do it two by two,
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever screw!

Oh, I have a rocket ship that runs on pee,
And fuelling it is sure a sight to see!
If I leave in this next line, I get a thousand credit fine
And get hauled before the league of decency.

I mixed Tequilla, Vodka, Old Merlin, Rum and Gin,
Some Ripple, and some Muscatel, and poured the whole thing in.
Recovering next morning underneath the bathroom sink,
I said, "That's about the strangest thing that man will ever drink!"

Oh, I left for Polluxcon in '25,
But something now has failed in my warp drive,
And at this lousy impulse rate, I'm afraid that I'll be late,
For it will be five hundred years till I arrive.

Oh, the food on Aldebaran they eat from compost heaps,
And every time I go there, my poor guts won't let me sleep.
It sometimes comes out green, and it sometimes comes out blue,
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever doo-doo.

I am running out of bhourbon, bheer and wine;
I am running out of platitudes that rhyme,
And if I get stuck too long, I'll never finish up this song,
If I do not find a way to end this line!

If the readership does not enjoy bad puns, my goose is cooked. By the way, if anyone wants to send letter bombs, my adress is 390 Riverside Drive, NY, NY, 10025. Now I find myself with most of a page to fill. At the risk of being labelled a minacing swine, I confess that I hoped to be able to squeeze all this crud onto one page, but no way.

I can't waitH until the Courts of Chaos comes out in paperback. I hear that there are some rather substahtial changes since it was run in Galaxy. Ghod! forty more lines, and I've been up all night. How the hell am I going to fill forty lines? I have just spent the entire night playing Source of the Nile, a most perverse game. I swore I'd never touch it again, and I wish I'd stuck to my comitment. I got stampeded by elephants, plagued by tse-tse flies, and haunted by the ghost of the husband of Mrs. Purity Smoothbottle. Never stand on the veldt during the elephant mating season. Also, it is generally a bad idea to step on sleeping aligators or crocodiles. Whichever. I have spent some time trying to con various people into trying out that godawful TSR Lankhmar game. Maybe I'll take it to Boskone and try my luck...

Too goddammany games lately. Maybe I ought to take up Gilbert and Sullivan. Well, anyway, I've got about fifteen lines out of the way. Ghod, it's a poor idea to compose on the typewriter, for me, anyway.

Omigod! Boskone is next weekend?! I'm gonna have to start making plans. And I've got to stay the hell out of the huckster room or I'll wind up destitute. I missed Balticaon, a there are some people I'd love to see again. I really don't have anything more to say. Probably most of what I have already said should have been left unsaid. Soft pillows... Warm blankets...My goddamn hands are freezing off with this typing. I want to soak my fingers in warm soapy water...This is ridiculous.

By the way, is anyone interested in Cosmic Encounter, the new SF game by Eon Products. The rumor is that there may be a king sized marathon at Boskone, insanity permitting. I hope I'll see you there!

If I gave up SF, fandom, and all the rest I would probably get straight A's in school. Nah, not worth it...

THISISALINEARSEPARATORIBETTHATITISONEOFTHEONLYLINEARSEPAERATORSINTHISAPAWEHAVEALONGANDHONORA

I have been informed that for verses to be proper Young Man Mulligan, they must alternate SF and Fantasy, verse for verse. My attitude is that this is a fooolish restriction. It is one of these totally nonconstructive concepts that serve no purpose but to inhibit the aspiring lyricist. The alternation adds nothing of any merit to the song, and it seems to me that it is ia meaningless and mindless rule.

Actually, I am about to croak about now, so I am going to say the hell with the last ten lines, or proper words to that effect, and hand this unfinished stencil to Bob unfinished.

THE CZAR IS A CRONK THE CZAR IS A CRONK THE CZAR IS A FINK THE CZAR IS A FINKY INK

WHATEVER THAT MEANS THE CZAR IS A CRONK YES HE IS STILL A CRONK AND THE VURKLEMEYERS ARE

STRUMPHMAD SLOBSALEXI GRUNUCKLESVITCH AN HERMAN VON SHELLUT ARE FRED FUNGUSLAND FROFFNOPLES

IN DISGUISE I HAVE MANAGED TO FIL UP THIS PAGE HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

vol 1: #1

This is VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE -- nextish may even have a title -- by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781.

Nextish will have a lot of things thisish doesn't; just now, I've only time to introduce myself and ask the apa a question and a favor.

I'm Lee Burwasser. Surprise. I've agreed to keep the index for the first year; after that, we'll see. I'm sending Bob a bunch of stuff on group copyright that (of all people) the Copyright Office sent me. We'll get this thing going yet.

The question, before I forget it: does anyone have the music that I think Ann Passavoy wrote for "Mary O'Meara"? The favor: if you send a good xerox of it to Bob, I will pay both stenciling and printing fee for that page. (That's one page, Lipton. The first in or the best copy, your choice. But one page.)

Back to intros. The complete reason this is such a crudzine firstish you wouldn't believe. Part of the reason, the plausible part, is that I'm at present a supply clerk at the Library of Congress, and January is the month the Fates picked to dump on me. Since my job at the best of times is more than one person can do in eight hours, You Can Imagine how much free time I"ve had.

Beginning nextish (or even thisish, if I have enough white space) I will from time to time bring the apa up to date on my efforts to bring out the ATLANTEAN SONGBOOK. This is to be a collection of songs written by those SCAdians who reside in the Principality of Atlantia, Kingdom of the East. Fringe filk at best -- SCA is a medievalist group -- but a fanac-equivalent that ought to interest people who mess about with APA-FILK.

Credentials: I sing, and I like filk. I even write it; be sure that I shall in future inflict every word upon the helpless apa. I learned how to write for fanzines from yeds of SPOCKANALIA. At one point I was in two D&D apas, ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS and APA-DUD. I'm still a sometime contributor to A&E; I left DUD after an exchange with Virgin Bob. (No, not Lipton; if he is a virgin, he has the grace not to boast of it.)

Those of you who remember me as the perpetrator of "Streak Gordon" have an understandably low opinion of my competance as a writer. Neither satire nor porn is my field. I suggest that you hold off judgement for a few issues, and see how I do.

I'm running out of space, and I've been on company time for the past minute.

See you nextish,

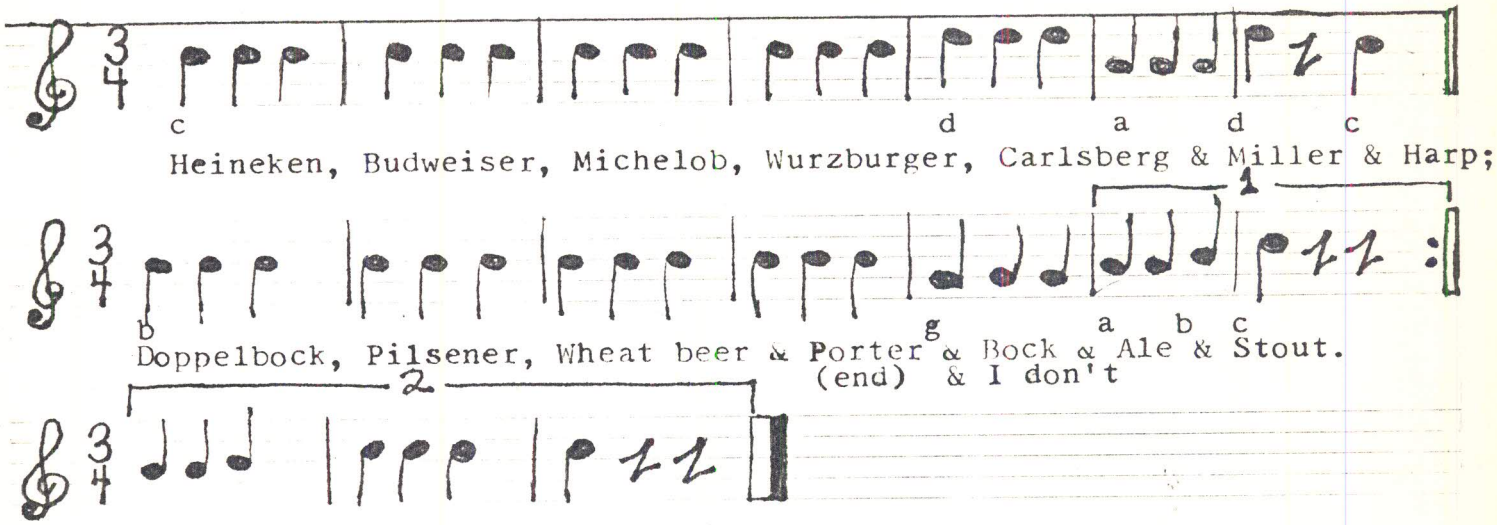
Lee

FILKOFILIAC

FILKOFILIAC NUMBER ONE

This is Filkofiliac #1, a 'zine written expressly for the purpose of contributing to Apa-Filk. This is Khentor Press #23, published by Mark William Richards of 3120 Wilkinson Avenue, Bronx, New York 10461. This particular issue is dedicated to the members of the Beaker People Libation Front, for obvious reasons.

"THE CATALOGUE"



A favorite fannish activity is drinking, especially the imbibing of copious quantities of beer. Many filksongs are best sung with stein in hand. So here, I have made the logical connection and written a song about beer. Not a masterful piece praising its virtues, or the recitation of a scenario against which the beverage can be drunk, but the simplest type of song--a cataloguing of the various types of brew.

The tune is very similar to that of "X Bottles of Beer On The Wall," another natural. In fact, with the exception of the last couple of bars, it is identical. Simplicity has its virtues, and the tune is simple and adaptable. So much for plagiarism--where credit is given there is none.

As for singing the song, there are several ways to do so. The song, as written, is meant to repeat several times with the first ending. The lyrics given are only a suggestion--the first line is brands and the second types. One can sing only brands, or only types, or mix them indiscriminately. If you are drinking only one brand at the moment, one can keep repeating that name. Or better yet, you can line up a group of bottles of different brands, and go through them all while listing them in the song. When you get tired of drinking, or singing, or both, skip on to the second ending. The words here are also optional, and if you can think of better, go ahead.

Now with tongues firmly in cheek, fellow fen, go out and empty those beakers!

Bog Bless,

Mark Richards

PS. John where's my BPLF membership card?